ENGLANDS HOPE, AGAINST IRISH HATE.

Sint Mæcenates et non deerunt Marones.

AT LONDON,
Printed by VV. VV. for Thomas Heyes.
1640.

Thomas Hayes his Copye

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

I Haue here preſumed for to preſent you with my ENGLISH HOPE: *which, though it be but roughly handled, yet the Matter is good. If you be pleaſed to take delight in it, I ſhall not onely be encouraged to ſome more ſerious ſtudy, but be bound (before any other) to make you partaker thereof. I hope you will not meaſure the Matter by the Man, nor proportion the worth of my labour with the vnworthines of my ſelfe: for that were to refuſe the* Roſe, *becauſe it hath prickes; or to make light eſteeme of Honny, becauſe the* Bee *hath a ſting. I know* Momus *will looke at it narrowly, and ſay; So weighty a matter is but weakly followed.* Zoylus *with his ſquint eyes, will finde ſome fault with the ſhape; ſo ſhall I be bitten both for matter and method: Well, I care not though They be crabbed, if I finde you curteous. If an* Aſſe *ſtrike me, I will neuer lift vp my heele: and if* Diogenes *be cinicall, I will ſhake off his frumpes with* Ariſtippus. *Though* Hipanchion *could not warble like* Orpheus, *yet he could pipe. And though* Ennius *wrote a rough ſtile yet he was a Poet: and I may tearme my ſelfe a Writer, though an vnskilfull Inditer. Euery one dippes not his finger with* Homer *in the Baſen: nor all mens workes cannot be excellent. How ſo euer I haue pleaſed ſome, and my truſt is I ſhall not diſpleaſe you: In which hope, I commit my ſelfe, and my Booke, to your fauourable cenſure.*

ENGLANDS HOPE
AGAINST IRIHS HATE.

THE *Serpents* ſly inſinuating courſe,
Is farre below moſt oppoſite to ſights
His practize deadly, his defier worſe:
The faireſt greene conceales his hidden ſpight,
Nothing leſſe feared then to ſhunne his force:
Yet nothing ſooner doth beget miſhappe,
For worſt inſnares the ſuddaine vnſeene trappe.

Such are thoſe creeping *Machauils* of late,
Thoſe eueſ-dropping Heralts liſtning ſpies,
That come to prye into our Countries ſtate:
To hide their Treaſon, Vizards they deuize:
That ſo they may our purpoſes relate:
With vs they walke, they laugh with vs they eate
Yet in their hartes hath *Iudas* ta'ne his ſeate.

But if their falsehood, *Trueth* hath open laide;
If younger wits, their elder shifts haue seene:
If their close meeching prouidence displaide,
And all their councels haue confounded been:
If Trecherie haue Treasons selfe betrade,
And not our selues do laugh at them alone,
If all miscarry: Why not then *Tyrone?*

What venome beast compared to the Toade,
Doth better picture malice of the minde?
Hee stripes so long his rancor to vnloade,
As couting an equall pitch to finde:
With him whose clouen hoofe is scarce so broade
In puft presumptuous humor glowting sitts,
Vntill his carcas quite in sunder splitts.

Such is the broody monster *Rome* containes,
His eyes he straines vntill they sparkle fire:
His handes are fatted with continuall gaines:
Each howre against the annoynted hee conspires
His hart a thousand stratagems retaines,
And downe his throat he needs wil swallow *Spaine*
With *Fraunce* and *Italy*, to worke our paine.

But

But if this dyet haue diſtemper wrought,
If this huge glutton ſurfettor on hate,
In ſtriuing to be greater then he ought:
Hath ſtill been croſt with death, a boading fate,
That his diſſeuered members fly about;
And ſome of them vnto our gates ar blowne,
For Crowes to feed on: Why not then *Terone?*

The Shepheards dread, the ſilly flockes annoy,
The rauening Woolfe, is euer knowne to be
His thirſty ſtomacke ſlaughter muſt inioy,
And naught but blood allayes his tyrannie:
The more he hath, the more he will deſtroy,
Nor is it ſoueraintie, but beaſtiall luſt:
For who knowes not the ſillie *Lambe* is iuſt?

Such is the ſterne *Iberian Monarchy*,
Whoſe fingers dipt in ill effuſed gore:
And hartes ybath'd in neighbor Tyranny,
Lift vp their ſnowts into the Weſt for more,
And nought may ſtaunch their bloody penury,
But wrongfull maſſacre of Gods elect,
The more their proude ambition to detect.

ENGLANDS HOPE,

But if the ſi newes of their ſtrong aſſaultes,
The iuſt reuenger haue in ſunder crackt:
If t heir huge *Armados* in the vault's,
Of vaſt *Oceans* kingdome haue been wrackt,
Leauing the world to deſcant on their faults:
If all their boaſting threates away were blowne,
And they ſuppreſt: then why not now *TERONE?*

If wauering with the reede that ſhakes his toppe,
Which way the wind ſends forth a whiſtling gale,
Euer bee turning with the weather-cocke,
And ſpred *Inconſtancies* forbidden ſayle,
Deſerue reproach, and euery *Idiots* mocke:
What then ſhall they that like *Camelions* skinnes,
Make euery obiect *Authour* of new ſinnes?

Yet ſuch there are, whoſe rotten inſide ſhowes
Their outward painting, but corrupted droſſe,
Whoſe fayth as often alters, as the gloſe,
For moſt aduantage in deceipt ſo groſſe:
As for their gaine, they wrecke hot honors loſſes
Now ſweating, then recounting what they ſwore,
One foote on board, the other on the ſhore.

But

But if the Plaines of *Creſsy*, like a Booke
Containe in Carracters their heauie doome:
If *Bullen*, *Turney*, *Poictiers*, pale do looke,
To thinke what hath, or may here after come:
If they be witneſſes how ill we brooke
Diſsembling lips, when *Trueth* the goale hath won,
Treading on falſhood: Why not then *Terone?*

The Foxe is ſubtile, and doth lie aloofe,
Wayting occaſion when to catch his pray;
Seeing, and yet not ſeene, for his behoofe,
As though compaſsion kept him at a ſtay,
When (God doth know) ti's feare doth rule the day:
Yet ſuch is his *Hypocriſie* by kinde,
He will be thought to loue, to hate inclinde.

Such Cubbes the *Northerne* iſſue of the aire,
Sends foorth to barke againſt the ſiluer Moone
Whoſe froſen temperate cannot repaire
Nor better fame that Region euer wonne.
Ti's hard to wring moyſt water from a ſtone:
What hath been cuſtom'd, ſeldome men refraine,
A bone-bred euill, the fleſh will ſtill retaine.

But if their lurking malice hath been impt
Euen when their treason, like grassie blads did spring
And downe their gyant boastings rudly tript,
When circumuention lookt for greatest speeding,
And in one day their Army lay a bleeding:
If King and people both were ouer-throwne,
What lets to hope the like against *Terone?*

As that disease which doth attaint the hart,
Is more pernitious fatall then the griefe,
Doth outwardly afflict some other part:
And is lesse capeable of swift relieue:
So mongst our enemies the worst and chiefe,
Is nothing foraine, but the home-bred foe;
And such as owne dominion vnder-goe.

Whereof foure kindes I purpose to relate;
All Viper-like, their mothers wombe assayling:
All worse then *Hemblocke* to their countries state;
Against her life, with meagre death preuailing,
In them faire *Peace* her miseries bewailing:
That most vnnaturall outrage filles the aire,
And Prince and subiect feedes vpon dispaire.

The

The firſt, the *Traitor Paſsant* I define:
The next, *Regardant: Couchant* is the third:
Rampant the fourth and laſt: where I combine
The generall Eyrie of this monſterous Birde;
Whereof not one hath wickedly been ſtirde,
That vnder vengaunce iuſtly did not groane,
To quit rebellion: Why not then *Terone?*

THE TRAITOR PASSANT.

This whelpe of *Typhe*, this groſſe influence,
Of canckring humors hauing taken holde,
Infecteth all, like to the Peſtilence:
Gaddes too and fro, in councell ſhameles boulde;
Perſwading here, there tempting with his golde:
That ſo he may peruert the ciuill good,
And hurt, for whom he owes his vaſſaile blood.

Such Inundation of lewde villanie,
Such walking Spirits, ſuch hopping Grashoppers:
Such Frogges of *Ægypt*, baſtard *Ieſury*,
Not long agoe did play the damn'de introppers,
VVith drawing ſubiects from their fealtie:
Sounding our Hauens, gathering in munition,
Gainſt ſome forraine power abrupt-intruſion.

But if *Throckmorton*, *Campion*, and the reſt,
With thoſe their deadly ſinnes, in number doubling
All agents to the Triple wreathed Beaſt:
With plodding feete our ſpring of gladnes troubling
Fell in their owne mudd errours, groueling:
If their blood paceing trackts, were quickly knowne,
And they ſupplanted: VVhy not then *Terone?*

THE TRAITOR REGARDANT.

This ſqint-ey'd wat, this wry-neckt fugitiue,
Labours in like oppugnacie of fayth:
Some fatall *Organon* for to contriue,
VVhereby he may procure his Countries ſcath:
But being ſmoakt in that he plotted hath,
Away he goes; yet flying wrythes his head,
Repyning ſtill at thoſe from whom he's fled.

Such after-malice, ſuch retorting hate,
That grindes the teeth when he is forſt'to skud:
Curſing the fortune of well gouern'd ſtate,
VVhen other miſchiefe wholly is withſtood,
Ploughing with ſpeed through the *Ocean* flud:
And hauing got the ſeas vpon their backe,
Looke ore their ſhoulder for their countries wracke

But

But if their ſtaring expectation faile,
And they haue gapt vntill their Iawes do ake:
If imprecations nothing do preuaile,
Nor elſe what they in practize vnder take,
But dayly miſeries their ſoules pertake:
As not the woſull *Weſtmerland* alone,
Repents his treaſon: Why not then *Terone?*

THE TRAITOR COVCHANT.

This leering monſter lurkes within his den,
Seeming well pleaſd with any ſquare of life;
Conceales his thoughts from publike ſight of men:
Giues vnder-hand increaſe to factious ſtriſe,
And in his boſome hides the fatall knife:
With which, when Innouation calles him out,
Hee ruthles meanes to cut his countries throate.

This is that lumpe of vile hipocriſie,
That *Ianus-like* doth beare a double hood.
This is that framer of bace villanie,
By whom all vertuous actions are withſtood.
He neuer doth intende his Countries good;
But priuatly indeuours publicke ſmart,
To whom he owes his blood, his life, his hart.

Such are the ruines of decayde exceſſe,
The *Catelines* that ſome time peſtered *Rome*,
Our newtrall male-contents, of conſcience leſſe
Then they which ſacriledge their fathers Tombe:
With them Church will-full exiles halting come;
Who are as Spiders mongſt the honny Bees,
Or to pure Wine, the dreg downe ſinking Lees.

If theſe groſſe abiectes, theſe indifferences,
Reſpecting almoſt neither hell nor heauen:
Haue been ingaold within their dunty ſtyes,
Of all exulting glory quite bereauen:
Not daring once lift vp their low-checkt eyes:
If trembling feare haue drencht them in their mone,
Leauing them proſtrate: Why not then *Terone?*

THE TRAITOR RAMPANT.

Amaine, *Amaine*, thus cryes this luſtie baſe,
The toppe muſt vaile, no other congie ſerues:
A Cottage? fie, his ſeate muſt be a Pallace;
To which his brandiſht blade, his paſſage carues,
All, or elſe none, his worthines deſerues:
And ſo doth eleuate his reaching paw,
With kingly ſpoyle, to gorge *Ambitions* maw:

Such

Such was the Serpentine late gathered head,
Congeald obedience publiſht in the *North:*
And ſuch is that in *Ireland* now bred,
By him whoſe parentage is little worth:
That hath inkindled Maieſties high wroth:
Thoſe onely Vermine of their Countries ſoyle,
Contemning *Peace*, and glorying ſo in ſpoyle.

But if in all times former memory,
Such, and the like proceedinges haue declinde:
If neuer yet was ſeene that Trechery,
Againſt th'annoynted, had his force combinde:
But ſtill deſerued-vengaunce was aſſignde:
If all haue learnd experience one, by one,
To taſte affliction: VVhy not then *Terone?*

To ouer paſſe the ruines long perfixt,
Inroulde in leaues of graue *Antiquitie:*
The mutuall Blood of *Traitors* late commixt,
Let out by ſword of ſharpe ſeueritie,
Giue warrantize of lawfull victorie:
And to theſe Rebels fearefull diſcipline,
What ty's a ſubiectes duetie to reſigne.

If

If *Rory Oge*, a pillor of that crew,
Of glib-pate Karne, and breechles pedigree;
Presuming of a Scepter to ensue:
Fell headlong into cureles miserie,
Cursing the time of treading thus awry,
And with his blood powrde foorth repentant teares,
To shew his sorrow, for mispence of yeares.

If *Feaghe Mackhugh* an other out-law earle,
Stampt of the same rebellious vp-start moulde,
With those, against the regall guidance gnarle:
Not enterprizing what they should, but would;
Receau'd his hire, for being ouer bould:
And for adulterat Nobilitie,
VVas taught the studie of Astronomie.

If sterne *Mackshaw* irregular and bloody,
That likewise gaue vs base vpon the bogges,
In treasons pursute, obstinate and moody:
Trayning with him a number such like dogges,
Performd at last his curriſh obsequie,
A haulter destin'd to his mankind necke,
That gaue the lusty gamester mate and checke.

If

If great *Oneale*, ſole great in his abuſe,
Rich in the want of true humilitie:
A pignie punie for the ſpirits infuſe;
And *Irus* poore for his fidelitie,
Was forſt to ſee his naked Trecherie,
And ſtealing ſoorth to finde the Figtree-ſhade,
Could no way ſhrowd th'offence his ſoule had made

If *Deſmond*, that Hereditary Lord,
Like *Naball* vaunting his large Seigniorie;
Thouſandes depending on his ill drawne Sword,
Payde dearely for his damned periurie:
His Houſe attaint with laſting infamie,
And his cropt head aduanct' in deathes pale throne,
For men to gaze at: Why not then *Terone?*

If Deitie the righteous cauſe vpholde,
And wrong be ſtill the Iewell of his hate:
If band coale blacke, their Princes loue haue ſolde,
And bleſt that ſticke vnto their countries ſtate:
If death the one doe neuer ſubiugate,
But ſpight of Deſtinie, his fame ſhall flouriſh,
Whereas the other eternally ſhall periſh.

If Traytors though immûr'd in walles of Braſſe,
And lockt in Armour of the ſtrongeſt proofe;
In courage ſtill, are brittle as the Glaſſe,
Their conſcience telling how they keepe aloofe:
If they are but a bubble, ſmoake, a puffe;
Afrayde to looke vpon the ryſing Sunne,
And dreading more, when he his courſe hath runne

If euery ſcowlyng cloud aloft doth glaunce,
And ſometimes but the ſhadow of a *Tree*,
Make them conieƈture ſome ſuddaine wrackfull chaunce,
Leading their ſenſes to an extaſie:
If multitudes and many handes they bee,
But hartes to guide thoſe handes but few or none:
Who ſees not then the downe-fall of *Terone?*

A Traitors Cognizaunce to know him by;
Are his leawd deedes, and ſucceſſe therein,
To finde them ſuch peruſe their villany:
Vnrippe the fardle of their mouldy ſin:
Deſcribe the puddle they do wallow in,
The haynous theftes, the maſſacres of ruth,
Wherin they haue bin nouzled from their youth.

As

As they are rude, and ſtrange in their attyre,
Portrayted in an Anticke faſhion:
So all their diſpoſitions, all deſire,
Bewrayes a crooked generation,
Vnciuill in their firſt creation:
Each channell begger needy will be a Lord,
Although his honors purchace be a cord.

Thoſe ciuill hartes that ſtoope to iuſt commaund,
Allow Religion, and imbrace their God:
They ſeriouſly with all their might withſtand,
Afflicting them with warres deepe wounding rod,
Accounting ſtill the number to be od,
Vntill ſuch Subtilties they haue ouerthrowne,
As are vntaigned hiendes vnto the Crowne.

Banquets wherein their appetites may broach,
The crymſen veynes of kinne, to quench their thirſt:
In rage they wrecke not Natures neare approach;
Who is the laſt, appeareth to be firſt.
If he can glory moſt of deedes accurſt:
All their delight is generall annoy,
And by moſt harmes acrues their greateſt ioy.

Fruite Fieldes ore-runne, and ſtately Cities burning,
Order diſordered, Iuſtice in the wayne:
The current of ſweete *Peace*, to diſcord turning:
Women lamenting, Children cryes in vayne:
What ere is got, accounted honeſt gayne.
Blaſphemie to God, to Men a ſcandall,
This *Iriſh* Kerne allowes, elſe they condemne all.

Their will ſubmits not to their Princes will.
Obedience is a word, they neuer heard:
Their hope is for to be magnifide for ill.
The Law's a chaſtitie, a taske too hard.
Prayer, and all good exerciſe, is bard:
And ſooner they will lift a hand to kill,
Then once intreat remiſſion of that ill.

Humilitie is natiue arrogance,
Retaine from time of their Conception.
Three thinges accompanie their eſſence,
Neuer retaine but by ſubuerſion,
Feare, *Shame*, and *Guilt of Conſience:*
But if it chaunce they do out-liue their pride,
Then comes *Repentance*, elſe they are neuer tride.

Feare

Feare of his Iudgement that appeares aboue,
Shame of the worldes reprochfull cenſure,
The mindes fell torment that doth euer moue,
And wrappes the body in perpetuall torture:
This is a duetie growing euery quarter;
Exactes a pention, if it be denide,
Diſpaire aſſayles the partie, ſo exilde.

And then proceedes the ſport as at a feaſt,
Blindnes goes on, and their delight is preſt,
More rude in Nature then the ſauage Beaſt:
Obſeruing theſe three qualities deteſt,
Impudencie, *Craft*, and *Couetouſnes:*
Whereof the firſt aſſures them voyde of ſhame:
The ſecond wealth: the third a victors name.

When, though the booſome of Affection ope,
The eye of Pittie ſmyle them in the face;
The tongue pronounce ſweete Liberties free ſcope:
And Armes expantion offer kind imbrace:
Though all reſolue to doe them any grace;
As what on earth is more to be extolde,
Then Princes loue, out valuing fineſt golde:

Yet they contemne with *Æsops* Cocke the Pearle,
Esteeming more so nedfull Graine to vp,
Then all the blessings gratious Heauens do sell,
To such as thirst to drinke of Vertues cuppe,
Treading the open way that leades to Hell:
Rather then enter at the Narrow gate,
Whose *Iorney* is the blessednes of fate.

Nature besides abhorres this loathed vice,
Opening her wombe in monsterous prodigies,
Whose better fauours melt away like yce,
Supplanting them with harder penuties.
The earth all barren and forlaken lyes,
In stead of holsome fruites, ranckest of weedes,
Albeit their labour cast in better seedes.

Heauen lowres in Tragicke collours of disdaine,
His marble face hath no relenting motion:
The day expectes her wonted light in vaine:
Or if it deigne the world her beames of notion,
It is with fiery meteors perturbation:
The angery Sunne refraines to shine on those,
VVhich are to God and men such brainsicke foes.

The

AGAINST IRISH HATE.

The dropſy-ſicke infeebled ayre aboundes
With myſtie vapours filling all her partes.
The *Siluans* their mellodious cheereſull ſoundes,
To diſmall Skreech-Owle *Elegies* conuertes,
Downe the blacke veſture of ſad *Eos'* skyrtes:
A Deluge from her raynie cheekes diſtilles,
To ſee the earth repleniſht with ſuch diuelles.

Looke towards the mountaines, & in modeſt lothing
They ſhrinke aſide, not able to indure
The hidious prouſe vnnaturall inſroching
Of ſuch their pleighted loyaltie abiure:
The ſauage Beaſtes hold this as moſt impure;
They follow the iuſt inſtinction of their kind:
Men are to all lycentiouſnes inclind.

The raging Waters of the boyſterous Seas,
A litle banke of Sand doth circle in;
Although it ſeeme nought may his threats appeaſe,
Yet to exceed his boundes, was neuer ſeene.
The *Sunne*, the *Moone*, & *Starres*, obſequious beene:
The Cloudes depart not out their ſtation,
But gliding, keepe their firſt creation.

More neare to come, peruſe the bodyes frame,
How all thinges keepe their mutuall harmonie,
VVithout the leaſt commotion in the ſame:
The one diſturbing not the others duetie,
But loue inducing friendly amitie,
Cauſeth a ſweete conſent of many ſtringes,
That to the whole exceeding comfort bringes.

The Hand giues not direction to the Head,
But ſeruiceable takes his charge from it.
The Foote inſtructeth not the Eye to guide:
But from his beames receiues his borrowed light:
Contemplate on the flaming vitall bright
VVithin the Harte: the motiue in the Brayne:
The naturall power the Liuer doth contayne.

VVho ſees not yf the leaſt of theſe reuolt,
Preſuming to ſupplant his neighbour brother
Ruine, deſtruction doth the reſt aſsault:
And that becomes their mũrther, was their mother:
Moyſture contending lyuely Heate to ſmother:
Cold conquering Heate, and what was ſpirit & life,
Quite profligate by ſuch inteſtine ſtrife.

May

May droopes not ſtraight, yf but in qualitie
The bodyes temperature retaine exceſſe?
As ſay the blood inflamd with Luxurie,
Increaſe beyonde his wonted greatnes:
What ſodaine pricking yrkſomnes
Nettles the Veynes? as but ſome *Delphian* art
Rebuke diſorder: health is deſperat.

Obedience ioynes; Diſorder ſeperates.
Obedience pitties; but Diſorder ſcornes.
Obedience plantes vineyardes of ſweete Grapes:
Diſorder planted with ſharpe pricking Thornes.
This many cut-throate Miniſters ſubbornes,
That ſtyrres direct *Aſtras* golden Helme,
And makes a peacefull want, excluding Realme.

Yet theſe blind reprobates, *Megara's* brats,
Theſe Saffarne-ſhirts; theſe party-pleited Iackes:
Theſe wod borne Sauages; theſe dunghill Gnats,
Had rather beare war-armour on their backes,
(So they may practiſe rapes, and tru-mens wrackes)
Then freely take fayre Mercy by the hand,
To glad themſelues, and dignifie their land.

But if the end of Theft, be Iebbet-capering.
Or if the Scorpion haue a glofing face;
Yet in her tayle conceale a deadly fting,
If Iudgement do a while giue Ryot place,
And in the end, pay home with deepe diſgrace.
If Treaſons period be confuſion,
Quelling the proudeſt: Why not then *Tyrone?*

The valiant hand of ESSEX honored line,
Already once diſplayde great *Mars* his Banners
Ringing the howles of theſe rebellious Swine,
Within their Confines, teaching them the manner,
Of mylde obedience, humbly to ſurrender
Their necks to yoak, though fircely they withſtood
And know the penalty of ſheddyng blood.

A Vollume would but ſerue a readyer Pen,
Then my ſlow feathered *Muſe* to celebrate;
The golden Trophies were erected then,
When that renowmed Knight vphelde the ſtate,
Sir HENRY SIDNEY gratious by his fate,
A throng of Rebels to his mercy crowched,
And who refus'd, the ſcaffold dead auouched.

The

The Bogges yet tremble, and the leaued Trees
Shake their high branches in memoriall
Of his ſharpe cenſure, and ſeuere decrees.
The warlike *GRAY*, whoſe actions Tragicall,
Did likewyſe curbe their mindes Imperiall,
Giues documents *Fitzwilliams*, and the reſt,
In thoſe proceedinges euer highly bleſt.

Preuaylde they then? Our quarrell's ſtill the ſame,
Our wrong no leſſe; nay rightly vnderſtood,
Who ſees not merite of farre greater blame,
By lauiſh late expence of Engliſh blood:
This ioyned with th'abuſe of Traytor-hood,
Incites reuenge, deafes heauen with clamorous cryes,
Till they goe downe, and we in conqueſt riſe.

For this vile ribble rabble vp-ſtart crew,
Miſ-led by Treaſons treacherous commaundes
And that rebellion teacher, that late drew
His Countrey gainſt their head to lift vp hands
Will know what t'is to dwell in warres falſe band:
And will with cauſe cry woe, woe one by one:
VVoe to thee that misled'ſt vs: woe *Terone?*

ENGLANDS HOPE,

Fall then thou worker of ſuch miſery,
Thou baſe abuſer of ſunſhyning ſauours:
Fall thou vntimely-borne *Apanthropy*,
Stiflyng thy Countrey with ill ſmelling ſauours:
Neuer mayſt thou haue good ſucceſſe in warres,
That guerdonſt myldeſt aſpecting Maieſtie
With ſuch ſanguinolent hatefull villanie.

CONCLVSION.

Fall then ingratitude; decline *Terone*,
That tearſt thy Countrey with vnnaturall fanges:
Hoping to wound the whole, by wounding one;
But feele thy body firſt deathes lingering panges,
And ſound warres laſt retreat with thy laſt grone:
So begges my ſoule; ſo all true ſubiectes pray,
Expecting howerly, thy funeral day.

FINIS.

I. G. E.

Imprinted at London by VV. VV.
for Thomas Heyes.
1600.

PLACE IN